A

GODLY DREAME,

COMPYLED BY ELIZ. MELVIL,

Lady Culros yonger at the requeſt of a friend.

Introite per anguſtam portam, nam lata eſt via quæ ducit ad interitum.

EDINBVR[illegible]
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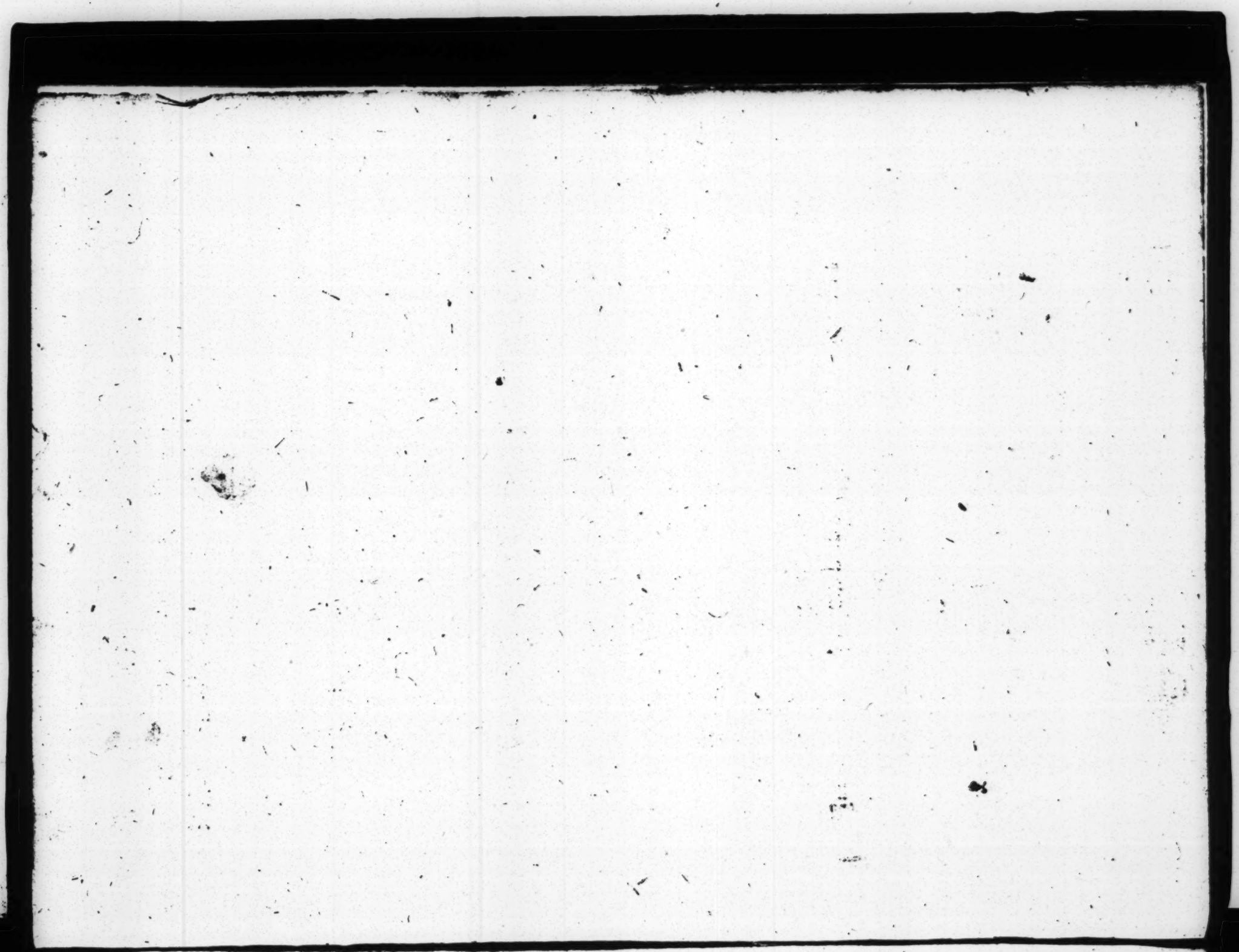
Cum Privilegio Regali.



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VPon a day as I did mourne full ſore,
For ſundry things wherewith my ſoule was grœued
My grœfe increſſed and grew more and more,
I comfort fled and could not be releœued.
With heauineſſe my heart was ſo miſchœued,
I loathed my life, I could not eat nor drinke:
I might not ſpeake nor looke to none that liued,
But muſed alone and diuers things did thinke.

This wretched world did ſo moleſt my minde,
I thoght vpon this falſe and vyon age:
And how our hearts were ſo to vyce inclinde,
That Sathan ſeinde moſt fearfully to rage.
Nothing in earth my ſorrow could aſſwage,
I felt my ſinne moſt ſtrongly to increſſe:
I grœued the ſpirit that wont to be my pledge,
My ſoule was plunged into moſt dœpe diſtreſſe.

All merineſſe did aggrauate my paine,
And earthly ioyes did ſtill increſſe my wo:
In company I no waies could remaine,
But fled reſort, and ſo alone did go.
My ſilly ſoule was toſſed to and fro,
With ſundry thoghts which troubled me full ſore:
I preaſed to pray but ſighs ouerſet me ſo,
I could do noght but grone and ſay no more.

The twinkling teares abóundantly ran downe,
My heart was ealde when I had mournde my fill:
Then I began my lamentation,
And ſaid, O Lord, how long is it thy will
That thy poore Saints ſhall be afflicted ſtill:
Alas, how long ſhall ſubtle Sathan rage:
Make haſte, O Lord, thy promiſe to fulfill,
Make haſte to end our painful pilgremage.

Thy ſillie Saints are toſſed to fro,
Awake, O Lord, why ſléepeſt thou ſo long:
We haue no ſtrength againſt our cruell fo,
In ſighs and ſobs now changed is our ſong.
The world preuailes, our enemies are ſtrong.
The wicked rage, but we are poore and weake:
O ſhew thy ſelfe, with ſpéede reuenge our wrong,
Make ſhort theſe daies, euen for thy cholens ſake.

Lord Jeſus come and ſaue thy owne elect,
For Sathan ſéekes our ſimple ſoules to ſlay:
The wicked world doth ſtrongly vs infect,
Moſt monſtrous ſinnes increaſes day by day.
Our loue growes cold, our zeale is worne away.
Our faith is failde, and we are like to fall:
The Lyon roares to catch vs as his pray,
Make haſte, O Lord, before we periſh all.

Theſe are the daies that thou ſo long foretolde,
Should come before this wretched world ſhould ende
Now vice abounds, and charitie growes colde,
And euen thine owne moſt ſtronglie do offende.
The deuill preuailes, his forces he doth bend,
If it could be to wreak thy children deare:
But we are thine, therefore ſome ſuccour ſend,
Receiue our ſoules, we wearie wandring here.

What

What can we do, we clogged are with ſin,
In filthie vice our ſenſleſſe ſoules are drowndē:
Though we reſolue, we neuer can begin
To mend our liues, but ſin doth ſtill abound.
When wilt thou come? when ſhal thy trumpet ſound?
When ſhall we ſée that great and glorious day?
O ſaue vs Lord out of this pit profound,
And reaue vs from that loathſome lumpe of clay.

Thou knoweſt our hearts, thou ſéeſt our whole deſire,
Our ſecret thoghts they are not hid from thée:
Though we offend, thou knoweſt we ſtrangely tyre,
To beare this weight our ſpirit wold faine be frée.
Alas, O Lord, what pleaſure can it bée
To liue in ſin, that ſore doth preſſe vs downe?
Oh giue vs wings that we aloft may flée,
And end the fight that we may weare the crowne.

Before the Lord when I had thus complainde,
My minde grew calme, my heart was then at reſt,
Though I was faint, from ſorde yet I refrainde,
And went to bed becauſe I thoght it beſt.
With heauineſſe my ſpirit was ſore oppreſt,
I fell on ſléepe, and ſo againe me thoght
I made my mone, and ſo my gréefe increſt,
And from the Lord with teares I ſuccour ſoght.

Lord Jeſus come, ſaid I, and end our gréefe,
My ſpirit is vexed, the captiue wolde be frée:
All vice abounds, O ſend vs ſome reléefe,
I loath to liue, I wiſh diſſolued to bée.
My ſpirit doth long, and thirſteth after thée,
As thirſtie ground requyres a ſhowre of raine:
My heart is dry as fruteleſſe barren tree
I féele my ſelfe, how can I here remaine?

With ſighs and ſobs as I did ſo lament,
Into my dreame I thoght there did appeare
A ſight moſt ſweet, which did me well content
An Angell bright, with viſage ſhyning cleare.
With louing lookes, and with a tinyling cheare,
He asked me, why art thou thus ſo ſad?
Why groneſt thou ſo? what doeſt thou dwyning here?
With carefull cryes in this thy bailfull bed.

I heare thy ſighs, I ſée thy twinkling teares,
Thou ſéemeſt to be in ſome perplexitie:
What meane thy mones? what is the thing thou feares?
Whom wolde thou haue? in what place wolde thou be?
Faint not ſo faſt in thy aduerſitie,
Mourne not ſo ſore, ſince mourning may not mend:
Lift vp thy heart, declare thy gréefs to me:
Perchance thy paine brings pleaſure in the end.

I ſighd againe, and ſaid alas, for wo,
My gréefe is great, I can it not declare:
Into this earth I wander to and fro,
A pilgrime poore conſumde with ſighing ſore,
My ſinnes alas, increaſes more and more,
I loath my life, I weare ie wandring here:
I long for heauen, my heritage is there,
I long to liue with my Redéemer deare.

Is this the cauſe? ſaid he, riſe vp anone,
And followe me and I ſhall be thy guide:
And from thy ſighs leaue off thy heauy mone,
Refraine from teares and caſt thy care aſide.
Truſt in my ſtrength, and in my word conſide,
And thou ſhalt haue thy heauy hearts deſire:
Riſe vp with ſpéede, I may not long abide,
Great diligence this matter doth requyre.

My soule reioyced to heare his words so sweet,
I looked vp and saw his face most fair:
His countenance reuiued my wearie spirit,
Incontinent I custe aside my care.
With humble heart I praide him to declare
What was his Name, he answered me againe,
I am thy God for whom thou sighs so sair,
I now am comde, thy teares are not in vaine.

I am the way, I am the trueth and life,
I am thy spouse that brings thee store of grace:
I am thy Lord that sone shall end thy strife,
I am thy loue whom thou woldst faine imbrace.
I am thy ioy, I am thy rest and peace,
Rise vp anone and follow after me:
I shall thee lead vnto thy dwelling place,
The Land of rest thou longst so sore to see.

With ioyfull heart I thanked him againe,
Readie am I, said I, and well content,
To follow thee, for here I liue in paine,
O wretch vnworth my daies are vainlie spent,
Not one is inst but al are fearcely bent
To runne to vice, I haue no force to stand:
My sinnes increase which makes me sore lament,
Make haste, O Lord, I long to see that land.

Thy haste is great, he answered me againe,
Thou thinkst thee there thou art transported so:
That pleasant place must purchast be with paine,
The way is strate and thou hast far to go.
Art thou content to wander to and fro:
Through great deserts, through water and through fire:
Through thornes and breares, and many dangers mo,
What saiest thou now: thy feeble flesh will tyre,

Alas, said I, although my flesh be weake,
My spirit is strong, and willing for to flée:
O leaue me not, but for thy mercies sake,
Performe thy word, or else for pure I dée.
I feare no paine since I should walke with thée,
The way is long, yet bring me through at last:
Thou answerst well, I am content, said hée,
To be thy guide, but sée thou grip me fast.

Then vp I rose and made no more delay,
My feeble armes about his neck I cast,
He went before, and still did guide the way,
Though I was weake, my spirit did follow fast,
Through mosse and mire, through ditches déepe we past,
Through pricking thornes, through water and through fyre,
Through dreadfull dennes which made my heart agast,
He bare me vp when I began to tyre.

Sometime we clam on craigie mountaines hie,
And sometime slaid on vglie brayes of sand:
They were so stay that wonder was to sée,
But when I feard he held me by the hand.
Through thick and thin, through sea and eke through land,
Through great deserts we wandred on our way,
When I was weake and had no strength to stand,
Yet with a loke he did refresh me ay.

Through waters great we were compeld to waid,
Which was so déepe that I was like to drowne:
Sometime I sanke, but yet my gracious guide
Did draw me vp halfe dead and in a sowne.
In woodes most wilde and far from any townes,
We thirsted through, the brears together stack:
I was so weake their strength did beat me downe,
That I was forced for feare to flée aback.

Courage

Courage, said he, thou art midway and more,
Thou mayst not tyre nor turne back againe:
Holde fast thy grip, on me cast all thy care,
Allay thy strength, thou shalt not fight in vaine.
I tolde thee first that thou should suffer paine,
The nérer heauen, the harder is the way:
Lift vp your heart, and let your hope remaine,
Since I am guide thou shalt not go astray.

Forward we past on narrow brigs of tré,
Ouer waters great that hideously did roze:
There lay belowe that fearefull was to sée,
Most vgly beasts that gaped to deuoze.
My head grew light and troubled wondrous soze,
My heart did fears, my féets began to slide:
But when I cride he heard me euer more,
And held me vp, O blessed be my guide.

Wearie I was, and thoght to sit at rest,
But he said no, thou may not sit nor stand:
Holde on thy course and thou shalt finde it best,
If thou desirest to sée that pleasant land.
Thogh I was weake, I rose at his command,
And held him fast, at length he let me sée
That pleasant place, that semde to be at hand,
Take courage now, for thou art nére, said he.

I loked vp vnto that Castell fair,
Glistring like golde and shyning siluer bright:
The stately towres did mount aboue the air,
They blinded me they cast so great a light.
My heart was glade to sée that ioyfull sight,
My voiage then I thoght was not in vaine:
I him besoght to guide me there aright,
With many vowes neuer to tyre againe.

Though thou be nére, the way is wondrous hard,
Said he againe, therefore thou must be stout:
Faint not for feare, for cowards are debarde,
That haue no heart to goe their voyage out.
Pluck vp thy hart and grip me fast about,
Out through this trance together we must go:
The way is lowe remember for to lout,
If this were past we haue not many mo.

I held him fast as he did giue command,
And through the trance together then we went:
Where in the midst great pricks of yron did stand,
Wherewith my féete was all betorne and rent.
Take courage now, said he, and be content,
To suffer this, the pleasure commes at last:
I answered not but ran incontinent
Out ouer the fire, and so the paine was past.

When this was done, my heart did dance for ioy,
I was so nére. I thoght my voyage ended:
I ran before, and sought not his conuoy,
Nor askt the way, because I thoght I kend it.
On staitlis steps most stouthie I ascended,
Without his helpe I thoght to enter there:
He followed fast and was right sore offended,
And hastilie did draw me downe the stare.

What haste said he, why ran thou so before?
Without my helpe thinkst thou to clim so hie?
Come downe againe, thou yet must suffer more,
If thou desirest that diwelling place to sée.
This statelie stare it was not made for thée,
Holde thée that course, thou shalt be thrust aback,
Alas, said I, long wandring wearied mee,
Which made me runne the nérest way to take.

Then

Then he began to comfort me againe,
And said my friend, thou must not enter thair:
Lift vp thy heart, thou yet must suffer paine,
The last assault of force it must be sair.
This goodlie way although it seeme so fair,
It is too hie, thou cannot clim so stay:
But looke belowe beneath that statelie stair,
And thou shalt see another kinde of way.

I looked downe and saw a pit most black,
Most full of smoke and flamming fire most fell:
That vglie sight made me to flee aback,
I feared to heare so many thout and yell.
I him besought that he the trueth wolde tell.
Is this, said I, the Papists purging place:
Where they affirme that sillie soules doe dwell,
To purge their sin before they rest in peace.

The braine of man most warely did inuent
That purging place, he answered me againe:
For greedinesse together they consent,
To say that soules in torments must remaine.
While golde and goodes releeue them of their paine,
O spitefull spirits that did the same begin:
O blinded beasts, your thoghts are all in vaine,
My blode alone did cleanse the soule from sin.

This Pit is hell wherethrogh thou now must go,
There is the way that leads thee to thy land:
Now play the man, thou needst not trimble so,
For I shall helpe and holde thee by the hand.
Alas, said I, I haue no force to stand,
For feare I faint to see that vglie sight:
How can I come among that bailfull band.
Oh helpe me now, I haue no force nor mig[ht]

Oft haue I heard that they that enters here,
In this great golfe shall neuer come againe:
Courage, said he, haue I not boght thée deare?
My precious blode it was not shed in vaine.
I saw this place, my soule did tast this paine,
Ere euer I went into my Fathers gloze:
Thogh must thou goe but thou shalt not remaine,
Thou nædst not feare foz I shall goe befoze.

I am content to do thy whole command,
Said I againe, and did him fast imbzace:
Then louingly he held me by the hand,
And in we went into that fearfull place.
Hold fast thy grip, said he, in any case,
Let me not slip what euer thou shalt sée:
Dzead not the death, but stoutly fozward pzeale,
Foz death noz hell shall neuer vanquish thée.

His wozds so swéete did cheare my heauy hart,
Incontinent I custe my care aside:
Courage, said he, play not a cowards part,
Thogh thou be weake, yet in my strength confide.
I thoght me blest to haue so gode a guide,
Thogh I was weake, I knew that he was strong:
Under his wings I thoght me foz to hide,
If any there should pzeale to do me wzong.

Into that Pit when I did enter in,
I saw a sight which made my heart agast:
Wze damned soules tozmented soze for sin,
In flamming fyze were frying wonder fast.
And vglie spirits, and as I thoght them past
My heart grew faint, and I began to fyze:
Ere I was ware one gripped me at last,
And held me high about a flamming fyze.

The

The fire was great, the heat did pearce more,
My faith grew weak, my grip was wondrous small:
I trimbled fast, my feare grew more and more,
My hands did shake that I him held withall.
At length they lowsed, then I began to fall,
And cried aloud, and caught him fast againe:
Lord Jesus come and rid me out of thrall,
Courage, said he, now thou art past the paine.

With this great feare I started and awoke,
Crying aloud, Lord Jesus come againe:
But after that no kinde of rest I toke,
I preased to sleepe, but it was all in vaine.
I wolde haue dreamde of pleasure after paine,
Because I knowe I shall it finde at last:
God grant my guide may still with me remaine,
It is to come that I beleaue was past.

This is a dreame, and yet I thoght it best
To write the same, and keepe it still in minde:
Because I knew there was no earthlie rest
Preparde for vs, that haue our hearts inclinde
To seeke the Lord: we must be purgde and finde,
Our dregs is great the fire must try vs fore:
And yet our God is mercifull and kinde,
He shall remaine and helpe vs euer more.

The way to heauen I see is wondrous hard,
My dreame declares that we haue far to go:
We must be stout, for cowards are debarde,
Our flesh of force must suffer paine and wo.
These direfie waies and many dangers mo
Awaits for vs, we cannot liue in rest:
But let vs learne while we [illegible]
To climbe to Christ, for [illegible]

O like soules with paines so sore oppress,
That loue the Lord, and long for heauen so his:
Change not your mindes, for ye haue chosen the best,
Prepare your selues, for troubled must ye be.
Fainte not for feare in your aduersitie,
It is the way that leades you vnto life:
Suffer a while and ye shall shortlie see
The land of rest, when ended is your strife.

In wildernesse ye must be tride a while,
Yet forward preasse, and neuer flee aback:
Like pilgrimes poore, and strangers in eyrie,
Though faire and foule your iourney ye must take.
The deuill, the world, and all that they can make,
Will send their force to stop you in the way,
Your flesh will faint, and sometime will grow slake,
Yet come to Christ and he shall helpe you ay.

The thornie cares of this disastfull life,
Will rent your heart, and make your soule to bleede,
Your flesh and spirit will be at deadlie strife,
Your cruell foe will holde you still in dread.
And throwe you downe, yet rise againe with speede,
And though ye fall yet ly not loitring still:
But call on Christ to helpe you in your neede,
Who will not faill his promise to fulfill.

In floodes of wo when ye are like to drowne,
Yet clyn to Christ and grip him wonder fast:
And though ye sinke, and in the deepe fall downe,
Yet cry aloud, and he will heare at last.
Dread not the death, nor be not sore agast,
Though all the earth against you should conspire:
Christ is your [illegible] and then your paine is past
Ye shall ha[illegible] heartis desire.

Though

Thogh in this earth ye shall exalted be,
Feare shall be left to humble you withall:
For if ye clim on tops of mountaines hie,
The higher vp, the nærer is your fall:
Your honey swæte shall mired be with gall,
Your short delight shall end with paine and griefe:
Yet trust in God, for his assistance call,
And he shall helpe and send you some releefe.

Thogh waters great doe compasse you about,
Thogh tyrants threat, thogh Lyons rage and roze:
Defy them all, and feare not to win out,
Your guide is nære to helpe you euer moze.
Thogh pricks of vyon doe prick you wondrous sore,
As noysome lusts that sæke your soule to slay:
Yet cry on Christ and he shall go before,
The nærer heauen, the harder is the way.

Runne out your race, ye must not faint nor tyre,
Nor sit nor stand, nor turne aback againe:
If ye intend to haue your hearts desyre,
Preasse forward still although it be with paine:
No rest for you so long as ye remaine
As pilgrime poore, into this loathsome life:
Fight out your fight, it shall not be in vaine,
Your rich reward is worth a greater strife.

If after teares ye line a while in ioy,
And get a taste of that eternall gloze:
Be not secure, nor slip not your connoy,
For if ye doe, ye shall repent it sore.
He knoweth the way, and he must go before,
Clim you alone, ye shall not misse a fall:
Your filthie flesh it must be troubled more
If ye forget vpon your guide to call.

If Chriſt be gone, although ye ſéeme to flée
With golden wings aboue the firmament:
Come downe againe, ye ſhall not better be,
That pride of yours ye ſhall right ſore repent:
Then holde him faſt with humble heart ay bent,
To follow him, although through hell and death:
Ye went before, his ſoule was torne and rent,
For your deſerts he felt his Fathers wrath.

Though in the end ye ſuffer torments fell,
Cleaue faſt to him that felt the ſame before:
The way to heauen muſt be through death and hell,
The laſt aſſault will trouble you full ſore.
The Lyon then moſt cruelly will rore,
His tyme is ſhort, his forces he will bend:
The greater ſtrife, the greater is your glore,
Your paine in ſhort, your ioy ſhall neuer end.

Reioyce in God, let not your courage faile,
Ye choſen Saints that are afflicted here:
Though Sathan rage, he neuer ſhall preuaile,
Fight to the end, and ſtoutlie perſeuere,
Your God is true, your bloud is to him deare,
Feare not the way, ſince Chriſt is your conuoy:
When cloudes are paſt, the weather will grow cleare,
Ye ſowe in teares, but ye ſhall reape in ioy.

Both death and hell hath loſt their cruell ſting,
Your Captane Chriſt hath made them all to yelde:
Lift vp your hearts and pſalles to him ſing,
Triumph for ioy, your enemies are kilde.
The Lord of Hoſts that is your ſtrength and ſhelde,
The Serpents head hath ſtoutly tramped downe:
Truſt in his [illegible]ngth, paſſe forward in the field,
Ouercome [illegible]t, and ye ſhall weare the Crowne.

The King of Kings if he be on our side,
We néede not feare who dare against vs stand:
Into the field may we not boldly bide,
When he shall helpe vs with his mighty hand:
Who sits aboue and rules both sea and land,
Who with his breath doth make the hilles to shake:
The hostes of heauen are armed at his command,
To fight the field when we appeare most weake.

Pluck vp your heart ye are not left alone,
The Lambe of God shall lead you in the way:
The Lord of hostes that raignes on royall throne,
Against your foes his banner will display.
The Angels bright shall stand in goode array,
To holde you vp, ye néede not feare to fall:
Your enemies shall flée and be your pray,
Ye shall triumph, and they shall perish all.

The ioy of heauen is worth a moments paine,
Take courage then, lift vp your hearts on hie:
To iudge the earth when Christ shall come againe,
Aboue the cloudes ye shall exalted be.
A Crowne of ioy and true felicitie
Awaits for you, when finisht is your fight:
Suffer a while and ye shall shortly sée
A glore most great and infinite of weight.

Prepare your selues, be valiant men of war,
And thrust with force out throgh the narrow way:
Holde on your course and shrinke not back for feare,
Christ is your guide, ye shall not go astray.
The tyme is néere, be sober, watch and pray,
He sées your teares, and he hath lade in [illegible]
A rich rewarde, which in that ioyfull day [illegible]
Ye shall [illegible] and raigne for euermore [illegible]

Now to the King that creat all of noght,
The Lord of Lords that rules both land and sea:
That saued our soules, and with his bloode vs boght,
And vinquisht death triumphing on the tree.
Unto the great and glorious Trinitie,
That saues the poore, and doth his owne defend:
Be laud and glore, honour and maiestie,
Power and praise Amen, world without end.

FINIS.

A VERIE COMFORTABLE SONG, To the Tune of, Shall I let her goe.

AWay vaine world bewitcher of my heart,
My sorrow showes my sinnes makes me to smart:
Yet will I not dispare, but to my God repare,
He hath mercy ay, therefore will I pray,
He hath mercy ay, and loues me,
Thogh by his troubling hand he proues me.

Away, away, too long thou hast me snarde,
I will not lose more tyme I am preparde:
Thy subtle slights so slee, they haue dissaued mee,
Thogh they sweetlie smyle, smoothly they begyle,
Thogh they sweetly smyle, suspect them,
The simple sort they syle, reiect them.

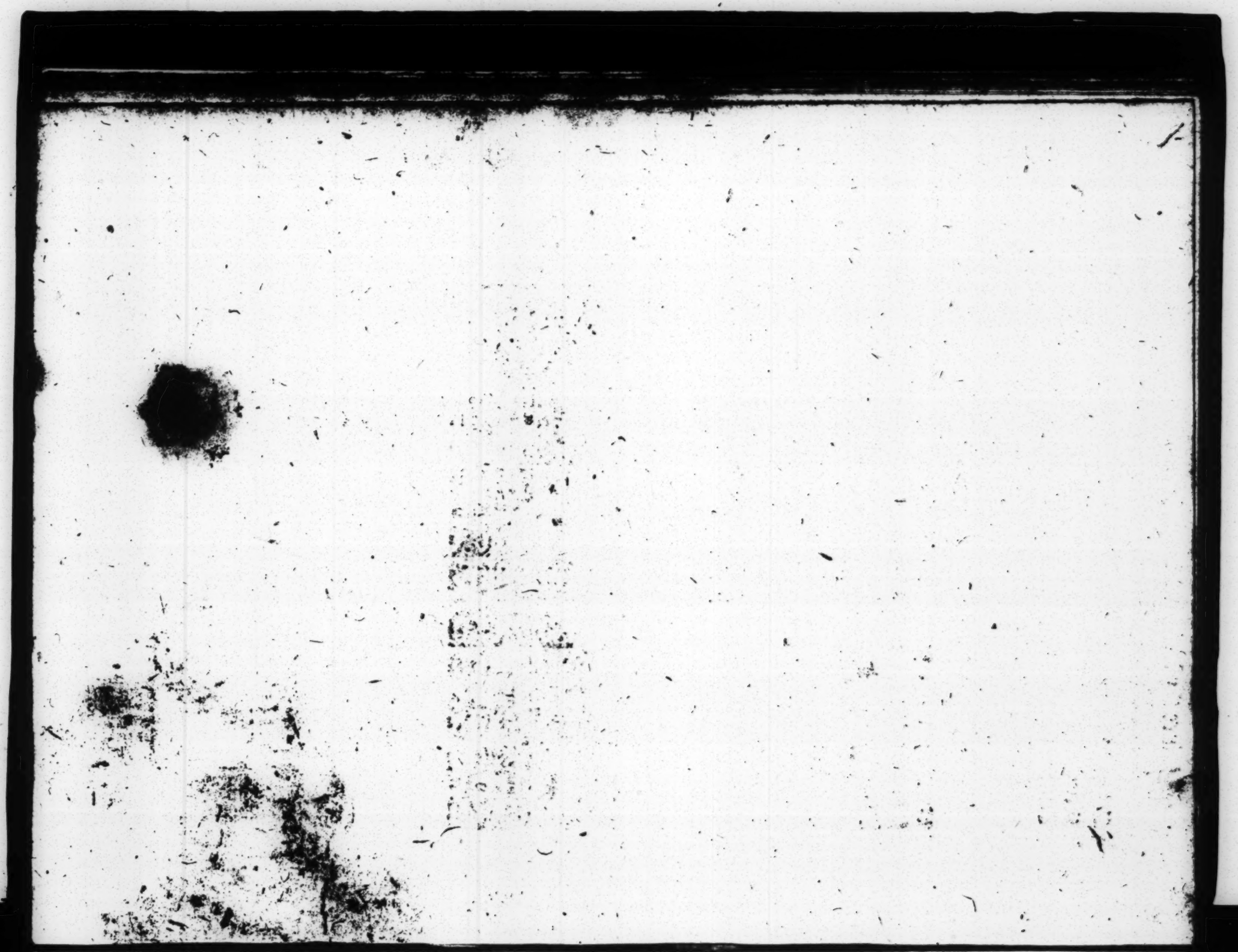
Once more away, showes loath the world to leaue,
Bids of[illegible] with her that holds me slaue,
Loath [illegible]goe, that sweete alluring foe,
[illegible] waies are vaine, shall I them retaine,

Since

Since thy waies are vaine, I quyte thée,
Thy pleasure shall no moze delite mée.

A thousand tymes away, ah stay no moze,
Sweete Chzist me saue, lest subtle sin deuoze:
Without thy helping hand, I haue no fozce to stand,
Lest I turne aside, let thy grace me guide,
Lest I turne aside, dzaw nére me,
And when I call foz helpe, Lozd heare me.

What shall I do, are all my pleasures past?
Shall wozldly lustes now take their leaue at last?
Yea Chzist, these earthly toyes, shal turn to heauenly ioies
Let the wozld be gone, I'le loue Chzist alone,
Let the wozld be gone, I care not,
Chzist is my loue alone, I feare not.

FINIS.

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